Ardelia in Arcady. By Josephine Dodge Daskam.

[17] HEN the young woman from the peace for the following hour. Occa-

dress and regarded her rescuer impa-tiently.

She brushed the garbage from her dress and regarded her rescuer impatiently.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "I'm all ready. Hump along!"

"We'll go and ask your mother first, won't we?" suggested the young woman, a little bewildered.

"Jagged!" Ardelia returned laconically, "She'd lift y'r face off yer! Is it the Dago picnic?"

The young woman shuddered. Seizing the hand which she finagined to have had least to do with the refuse she led Ardelia away.

Ardelia's origin was shrouded in mystery. At the age of two months she had been handed to a policeman by a scared leaking boy, who said vaguely that he found her in the park unfer a bench. The policeman had added her to their interest, where one of the scrubbing women named her.

Later she had taken up her residence with Mrs. Michael Fahey, who had consented to add to her previous income by this means, and at the age of 4 she came the official nurse of Master John Sullivan Fahey. A terrible hot August, unlimited cold tea and a habit of playing in the gutter in the noon glare proved too much for her charge and heded on his third birthday. The ride to the funeral was the most exciting event of Ardelia's life. Mrs. Fahey had been closely related.

What time she could spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual household labor Ardelia spreet as all household labor Ardelia sparet in playing in the gutter in the somewhat casual household labor Ardelia spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual household labor Ardelia sparet in playing with a been closely related.

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What time she could spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual household labor Ardelia sparet in michael and the could spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual household labor Ardelia sparet in michael and the sparet in playing michael and the could spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual household labor Ardelia

some and her board was no longer paid, she was whipped as regularly and survey and survey and positive and the drive reached as comprehensively in her foster means as if they. Thank you got that stained her linen survey and the properties are the head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a flight of stone steps that he head of a fligh

say. "We shall see you already dancing no? Here is an olluf; eat her."
And Ardelia, who loved olives to distraction, would nibble off small, sour, salty mouthfuls and suck the pit luxuriously while she listened to the Italian band.

Ardelia's journey to the Settlement House was one of interest to her. She was a silent child, and though she did not understand why the young woman said the milk was too strong—did you line.

Memory of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the awful reality of her present agony.

Later, as she lay limp and white on the slippery haircloth sofa in Mrs. Slater's musty parlor, she heard them discussing ner situation.

"Wheep, wheep, wheep!"
This was a high, thin crying.

"Buroom! Brroom!"
This was low and resonant and solong woman pasad.

"Why, Ethel, when the milk was too strong—did you she isn't barefooted!" she cried, "Come

was a silent child, and though she did not understand why the young woman from the Settlement should cry when she introduced her to two other women, nor why so many messages should be left for her mother and so many local and general baths administered, the said very little. She was not account of the said very little will be said very little. She was not account of the said very little. She was not account of the said very little will be said very little. She was not account of the said very little will be said very little. She was not account of the said very little will be said the milk was too strong—did you ever! Two or three of 'em was sick, like this one, but they got to love it in a little while. She will too."

Ardelia shook her head feebly. She had learned her lesson.

was somewhat uncathurisatic but the basic of audies.

The good boy, whose thadding feet somewhat uncathurisatic but the basic of audies.

To can roll in the district, which is the control of the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be south that of the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested that the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested that the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested that the property is the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested that the property is the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the property in the brought Mrs. Stater to be requested to the property in the property in the property in the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the property in the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the property in the brought Mrs. Stater briefly with the proper

HEN the young woman from the claim from the delia from her degredation she was sitting on a dirty pavement and throwing assorted refuse at an unconscious policeman. It never had occurred to her that her situation was anything less than refined.

"Come here, little girl," said the young woman invitingly. "Wouldn't you like to come with me and have anice, cool bath?"

"Naw," said Ardella.

"You wouldn't? Well, wouldn't you like some bread and butter and jam?"

"What's jam?" said Ardelia conservatively.

"Why, it's—er—marmalade," the young woman explained. "All sweet, you know."

"Now!" and Ardelia turned away and fingered the refuse with an air of finality that caused the young woman to sigh with vexation.

"I thought you might like to go on a picnic," said she helplessly. "I thought all little girls liked—"

"Picnic? When?" cried Ardelia, moved instantly to interest. "I'm goin?"

She brushed the garbage from herdress and regarded her rescuer impatiently.

"Why, the wester," she caked "Um."

The force of the following hour. Occasionally they passed another horse, but for the most part the only sight or sound of life was offered by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powder, but was officed by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powder, but was officed by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powder, but was officed by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powder, but was officed by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powder, was officed was offered by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powder, was officed was offered by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powder, was lifted down and driveway and drew up before a gray wooden house. Ardelia, cramped with sitting still, was lifted down and escort

In the room above her head an Italian morning—Ardelia was used to drink-band practiced every evening, and then ing frequently—urged her on, and its Ardelia was perfectly happy. Often a ley coldness enabled her to finish the hurdy-gurdy would station itself at the glass. She handed it back with a deep to all fictitional precedent, she did not corner and Ardelia and the other little, sigh. The young lady clapped her

"You trow your legs goot," he would say. "We shall see you already dancing. no? Here is an olluf; eat her."

And Ardelia who loved all we would strong on the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the memory of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the same of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the same of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the same of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the same of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the same of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the same of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the same of the liquid ice cream and the same of the liquid ice

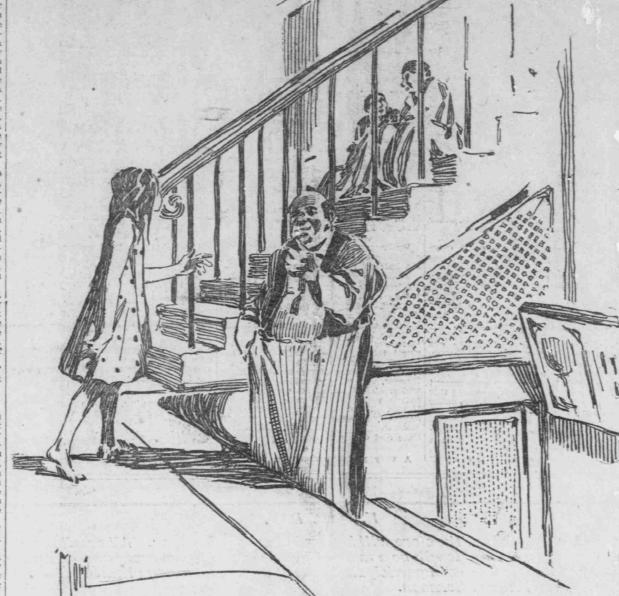
The said very little. She was not active and when it sent to her fried eggs—she refused to eat them boiled—for her breakfast she quietly placed them in the credit column as opposed to the baths and held her peace.

After a while Miss Forsythe went away, and at her urgent suggestion Ardelia came out and sat on the porch under the shade of a black umbrella. She sat motionless, lost in the rapture of content that follows such a crisis as her recent misery. In a few words a long cross

the credit column as opposed to the baths and held her peace.

Later, arrayed in starched and creaking garments, she was transported to the station, and for the first time introduced to the railroad car. She sat stiffly on the red plush seat, with furtive eyes and sucked-in lips, while the young woman talked reassuringly of daisles and cows and green grass. As Ardelia had never seen any of these things it is hardly surprising that she was somewhat unenthusiastic; but the young woman was disappointed by this lack of ardor.

"You can roll in the daisies, my dear, and pick all you want—all!" she urged eagerly. But no answering gleam woke



great June bug flopping into the room through the loosely waving netting and burst into tears of pain and fright, burst into tears

Ardelia was perfectly happy.

Ardelia was de lightly in her ginghands.

"The young lady clapped her
hands.

"The young lady clapped her
hands.

"There!" she cried. "Now, how do
you like real milk, Ardelia? I declare,
you look like another child already!

You can have all you want every day

—why, what's the matter?"

For Ardelia was growing ghastly pale
before them; her eyes turned inward,
her to him mysteriously.

After half an hour of the katydids
you look like another child already!

You can have all you want every day

—why, what's the matter?"

For Ardelia was growing ghastly pale
before them; her eyes turned inward,
her lips tightened. A blinding horror
her to him mysteriously.

After half an hour of the katydids

William spoke.

"Nick Damon's helpin' in the south
lot t'day," he observed.

"Was he?" asked his mother, pausing
a moment in her rocking.

"Yep."

Again he smoked, and the monotonous clamor was uninterrupted. bus clamor was uninterrupted. plot of dalsies—does she know that she "Zig-a-zag! Zig-zig! Zig-a-zig-a-can pick all she wants, poor little

And Ardelia, fortified by ham and eggs, went stolidly forth into the grass and silently attacked the daisies.

In the middle of her bunch the new young woman naused. "Why, Ethel, she isn't barefooted!" she cried. "Come hers Ardelia and take off your shees. This was a mgn, thin Broom! Broom! Broom! Broom! Broom! Broom! Broom! Broom! Broom! This was low and resonant and solemn. Ardelia scowled.

"Wha's 'at?" she asked again.

"That's the frogs. Rull frogs and peepers. Never heard them, either, did ye? Well, that's what they are."

William took his pipe out of his mouth. "Come here, sissy, 'n I'll tell y' a story," he said lazily.

Ardelia obeyed, and, glancing timorated around silling around the broots rapidly on the porch.

"Oh, she's been barefooted in the city," explained Miss Forsythe. "But this will be different, of course."

And so it was, but not in the sense

lence. Mrs. Fahey, when eating, gossiped and fought alternately with Mr. Fahey's old, half-ball mother; her son, Danny, in a state of cd. ang. whistled his various "jobs." same, whistled his various "jobs." same, whistled the formed clog dances under the table during their meal; their neighbor across the narrow hall shrieked her comments, friendly or otherwise; and all around and above and below resounded the busy noise of the crowded, clattering city street.

Through the open door the buzz of the internative that the interpals of Willis tentatively. In the mersals of willing the sample. Are youse dumbies?"

The morning dawned fresh and fair; the trees and the brown turf smelled sweet; the honely barryard noises brought as as she walled for Are's sympathetic face as s

FISHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

(Edwin Sandys in The World's Work.)

The "gentle art of angling" is not misnamed, yet it has its thrills and occasional dashes of the strenuous. Upon one memorable day I pulled a skiff across the beautiful Trout lake; in the Nipissing country of northern Ontario. The air had been gray with smoke for a couple of days, but there seemed to be no cause for alarm. Leaving the skiff on a rock-ledge at the mouth of a little stream. I waded the latter for perhaps 169 yards apward. There were plenty of fingedling trout, almost too small to bother with, but a mess for supper was wanted. The woods all about were very dense, and by the time a dozen fish had been killed the smoke had become too unpleasant for further effort. It was impossible to see many yards in any direction, and I had about concluded to retreat when a sudden gust of hot air struck me. All unsuspected, a great firhad swept through a hidden valley just a head, and in a few seconds the treetops almost overhead were flaring and roaring like blast furnaces.

Only those who have seen it can understant how swiffly a forest fire can address the swift and swiffly a for

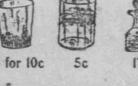
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